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TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.—COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS, CROSS STREET, and 2, VICTORIA STREET (late of the Arcade).

VOL. II.—No. 60. MANCHESTER, Saturday, October 2nd. Price One Penny.

Fresh Arrivals of Tea at
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ESTABLISHMENTS,
Opposite Town Hall, Salford;
110, Borough Buildings, London Road,
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Congou . . 2s. 2s. 4d. 2s. 6d.
Fine Pekoe-flavour, 2s. 8d.
Finest Imported, Rich Pekoe-flavor, 3/- & 3/4.
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MESSRS. MICHAUX & CO. beg to inform the Nobility and Gentry, that for the future
MR. S. DAWSON,
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Will be their Sole Agent for England for the Sale of their Celebrated Velocipedes.
Purchasers will please observe that MICHAUX & Co. in large letters are on each Machine, without which none are genuine.

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Of every description, in new and choice designs.
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In great variety.
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Watch and Clock Manufacturers, Goldsmiths, &c.
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Dining and Drawing-room Clocks, Hall Clocks, Alarums, &c., in every variety. Lowest net prices only charged.

ON THEIR OWN MERITS,

The WINES OF HUNGARY are good, useful Wines, without FORCING upon them, as has been TOO MUCH the case, a reputation and character beyond their INTRINSIC QUALITIES. There is sufficient diversity of taste in a large population to ensure for the Wines a fair trial and a regular market; and it is fairer to place them well before the public, and let them stand the test of comparison with those of other countries. In the long run this will be best for the interests of the Wines themselves, as they really are good sound Wines. Perhaps the quality most in demand, and MUCH RECOMMENDED by doctors, is

CARLOWITZ,

Which we offer at 22s. per Dozen.

and ask comparison with the HIGHEST PRICED quality of LONDON HOUSES, We may remark that we were among the VERY FIRST who brought Wines from Hungary seven years ago.

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WINE MERCHANTS,
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THE TROPICAL BEETLE POWDER will destroy cockroaches, beetles, and crickets sooner and more effectually than any other preparation ever offered to the public. It is perfectly harmless to dogs or cats, as they will not touch it. The following is one out of a number of testimonials which the proprietor has received:—
"25, Carnarvon-street, Cheetham Hill Road,
"Manchester, April 29th, 1869.
"Mr. E. Griffiths Hughes.—Sir,—The effect of your tropical beetle powder is really marvellous. I laid some down one night, and the next morning the floor was fairly covered with cockroaches, dead and dying. I may say there were hundreds of them. After applying it three times, we were quite free from them.—Yours very truly,
"JAMES MILNER."
Manufactured by E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, chemist, Cateaton-street, Manchester; and sold by all chemists, in 6d. and 1s. packets.
MAYER'S New Patent GASOGENES, for making half gallon of Soda Water, price 25s.

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THE TRUE TEST OF CHEAPNESS.
New Season's Congou.....2/6
Extra fine Pekoe Souchong.....3/4
JOHN W. SCOTT,
FAMILY GROCER,
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BALL SUPPERS, and DINNERS Supplied, by
MESSRS. PARKER AND SON,
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In the most fashionable style, on moderate terms, including the hire of plate, china, glass, &c. An elegant assortment of Bridecakes always ready. Bills of fare for any number, with prices, sent post free. Late Purveyors to the Botanical Society.

Protected by Royal Letters Patent.
THE WHEELER and WILSON
"New," "Silent Working"
SEWING MACHINES
Are NOT *to be had in Manchester except* at
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No Machines are genuine without the Company's name on the cloth plate, thus:—
"Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Co.,
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Nearly 400,000 Sold.
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HUSBAND'S NEW PATENT VENTILATING HATS, 35, MARKET-ST.

TO THE ELECTORS AND NON-ELECTORS

OF THE

Eastern Division of the County of Chester.

GENTLEMEN,

In consequence of the lamented death of your highly-valued late member, Mr. Edward Christopher Egerton, I have had the honour of being solicited to offer myself as a candidate for your suffrages.

I will frankly admit, so far as my own personal feelings are concerned, that I should have preferred to continue doing my duties in private life; but these are times when no man should hesitate to come forward, if, by any effort of his, he can promote the public welfare.

I am ready, therefore, to place my best services at your disposal, if you consider me suited to watch over your interests in Parliament.

A faithful member, I trust, of the Church of England, I hail at the same time with pleasure the good efforts of those who labour in the cause of religion, under whatever denomination.

I am a supporter of sound Conservative principles and measures; and I delight to see progress in all that concerns the happiness and well-being of our community.

Having always taken an active and practical interest in the question of National Education, I should devote my best energies to the continued consideration of that subject.

No effort shall be wanting on my part to remedy, if possible, the grievous injustice which has been done to our county by the Cattle Plague Rate. This plague was a national calamity, and compensation for its losses ought, in my opinion, to have been made from the national purse.

Another great injustice, specially affecting the development of commerce in our county, is the want of reciprocity in the treaties with France in reference to silk; deeply lamenting the great suffering which has been brought about by this cause, I will seize any opportunity which may present itself for a remedy.

The attention which circumstances have all my life compelled me to give to the agriculture and commerce of this district may, I hope, without presumption, enable me to promise that your interests will not suffer if committed to my care.

I will take the earliest opportunity of meeting you.

I am, yours faithfully,

WILLIAM CUNLIFFE BROOKS.

BARLOW HALL, MANCHESTER, *September* 10, 1869.

EAST CHESHIRE ELECTION.

WILLIAM CUNLIFFE BROOKS, ESQ. WILL ADDRESS THE ELECTORS

At the RAILWAY HOTEL, WHALEY BRIDGE, on Friday, the 1st October, at Three o'clock in the afternoon.
At the NATIONAL SCHOOLROOM, DISLEY, on Friday, the 1st October, at Seven o'clock in the evening.
At the NATIONAL SCHOOL ROOM, HAZEL GROVE, on Saturday, the 2nd Oct. at Two o'clock afternoon.
At PRESTBURY, on Saturday, the 2nd October, at Five o'clock in the Evening.
And at ADLINGTON, on Saturday, the 2nd October, at Seven o'clock in the Evening.

T. W. TATTON, *Chairman.*

RICHARDSON ANDREW,
EGERTON LEIGH,
CHARLES BAKER,
T. H. SIDEBOTTOM,
} *Vice Chairmen.*

EAST CHESHIRE ELECTION.

SIR E. W. WATKIN WILL ADDRESS THE ELECTORS

FRIDAY, the 1st October, at MACCLESFIELD, at four p.m.; and
The same day, at RAINOW, at half-past Seven p.m.,
SATURDAY, the 2nd October, at HIGH LANE, MARPLE, at Seven p.m.
MONDAY, the 4th October, at the NATIONAL SCHOOLS, CHEADLE, at Eight p.m.; and on
TUESDAY, the 5th October, at the VERNON ARMS, POYNTON, at half-past Seven p.m.

THOMAS ASHTON, CHAIRMAN.
THOS. U. BROCKLEHURST, VICE-CHAIRMAN.

NEW TOWN HALL
Restaurant and Luncheon Bar,
51, PRINCESS-ST., ALBERT SQUARE,
LUNCHEONS, DINNERS, SOUPS.
CHOPS AND STEAKS AT ANY HOUR,

NOTICE.

THE attention of Parents and others is requested to a PATENTED IMPROVEMENT in HOODS for PERAMBULATORS & INVALID CARRIAGES, which is a simple contrivance for raising or lowering the hood of such vehicles, and dispenses with the use of the strap ordinarily used. This invention may be applied at a small cost to any vehicle; is cheaper than anything which has preceded it, and is warranted for two years, the same as all Carriages sold at this establishment.
JOS. WALSH, 57a, Piccadilly, Manchester.

VELOCIPEDES constructed on the best principle, usually charged £10, selling at £7. 10.

BUTTER! BUTTER! BUTTER!
McCANEY & CO.,
17, JAMES-ST., SMITHFIELD MARKET,
And 205, CITY ROAD, offer the best
NEW GRASS IRISH BUTTER
At 10d., 11d., and 1s per lb.
EGGS and POULTRY of the freshest and choicest description, at prices much cheaper than any other house in Manchester. Wholesale and retail customers meet with every attention.
FRESH ARRIVALS DAILY.

THE
Globe Parcel Express,
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PARCELS & PACKAGES FORWARDED DAILY to ALL PARTS of ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND,
AND THE
CONTINENT OF EUROPE.
GOODS and PARCELS forwarded per Mail and other Steamers or Sailing Vessels to India, China, Australia, United States, Canada, and all other parts of the World.

Patronised by HER MAJESTY and their Royal Highnesses PRINCE & PRINCESS of Wales.
NICOLL'S
TRICHANOPHRON
Removes the scurf and all impurities from the skin, Strengthens Weak Hair, prevents its turning Grey, and and by daily application restores Grey Hair to its original colour, imparting to it a beautiful, clean, glossy appearance.—Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d.

HAIR RESTORED & BALDNESS PREVENTED
BY
NICOLL'S
ELECTRIC HAIR REGENERATOR.
One application prevents the hair from falling off, and by its use the short weak hair on the head, apparently bald, commences to grow with a vigour and rapidity truly astonishing. Its action on the hair through the medium of the skin removes all scurf and dandriff, and in many cases causes grey hair to turn to the original colour by removing obstructions at the root, causing the colouring or pigment to flow into the interior of the hair; one trial is sufficient to convince the most sceptical of its efficacy.—Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d.

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NICOLL,
11, AIR-ST., REGENT'S QUADRANT, LONDON.

NICOLL'S
GOLDEN TINCTURE,
For giving a brilliant Golden Shade to Hair of any color. Sold in bottles, 3s. 6d.

NICOLL'S
CELEBRATED DEPILATORY,
For Removing Superfluous Hair. Sent to any part of the Three Kingdoms, carriage free, on receipt of 20 Stamps.

NICOLL'S
CELEBRATED SYRIAN LIQUID HAIR DYE.
Free from Smell. Warranted not to stain the skin. The Hair Dyed in One Minute.—In cases, 3s. 6d.
Post Office Orders payable at Vigo Street.
Hair Cutter to H.R.H. Prince of Wales.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT
COUNSEL FOR THE DELICATE.—Those to whom the changeable temperature is a protracted period of trial should seek the earliest opportunity of removing all obstacles to good health. This cooling Ointment, perseveringly rubbed upon the skin, is the most reliable remedy for overcoming all diseases of the throat and chest. Diptheria, relaxed tonsils, sore throat, swollen glands, ordinary catarrh, and bronchitis, usually prevailing at this season, may be arrested as soon as discovered, and every symptom banished by Holloway's simple and effective treatment. This Ointment and Pills are highly commended for the facility with which they successfully contend with influenza: they allay in an incredibly short time the distressing fever and teasing cough.

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Libraries, and Small Parcels of Books,
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THOMAS SUTTON,
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THE
'Main' Printing Offices.
J. G. KERSHAW & CO.
LITHOGRAPHERS & LETTERPRESS PRINTERS,
BY STEAM POWER,
Patent Ledger and Account Book Manufacturers,
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BOOKWORK,
PAMPHLETS, CATALOGUES, CLUB RULES, &c.
PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL
SHOW CARDS, WINDOW and DOOR BILLS.
PLACARDS,
And HANDBILLS, in every variety of style and size.
LITHOGRAPHED
DRAWINGS OF MACHINERY, MAPS, PLANS OF ESTATES, &c.
BANKERS' NOTES, CHEQUES, DRAFTS, &c.
CIRCULARS, INVOICES,
STATEMENTS, PRICES CURRENT,
NOTE HEADS, &c.
Plain and Ornamental Tickets,
FOR SHIPPERS and the HOME TRADE.
All the most useful sizes of Star and Pattern Tickets kept in Stock.
General Commercial Lithographic Printing of every description, by their
Patent Anglo-French Steam Machine.

R. WALMSLEY, JEWELLER AND SILVERSMITH, Manufacturer of LEVER & CHRONOMETER WATCHES, 129, Oldham-st., Manchester.

MESSRS. FALKNER BROTHERS'
(STEVENSON SQUARE)
DISPLAY OF AUTUMN FASHIONS

In PARISIAN and ENGLISH MILLINERY.

STRAW BONNETS and HATS.
GREBE, SEAL, BEAVER, and FELT HATS in all the Newest Shapes, including the latest, the "NUREMBERG" and "WILDBAD."
CORSETS, EIDER DOWN SKIRTS, &c.
NEW CORK SKIRTS, WEIGHING ONLY 24 OUNCES.

The great change in the style of Mantles and Jackets for this Season (so marked in Paris), has necessitated a more than usual care in the selection of such as are in strict accordance with good taste. The leading novelties will be found represented in the
SHAWL and MANTLE SALOON.
One special novelty may here be mentioned, viz. :—
THOROUGHLY WATERPROOF CLAN TARTAN CLOAKS, in all their variety of colour and plaid.
LADIES' JACKETS in GENOA VELVET, SEALSKIN, LAMBSKIN, Plain and Fancy Cloths, and all the Newest Materials.
CHILDREN'S and YOUNG LADIES' JACKETS in ALL SIZES.

SILK and VELVET ROOM.

The Buyer having visited the principal markets, has succeeded in securing a choice and elegant assortment of the newest productions of the most eminent makers, in which will be found a small but costly lot of very rich FRENCH BROCADE BROCATELLES, which F. B. will offer at Half their original value; also the most FAVOURITE TARTANS, in IRISH POPLINS, VELVETS, and SATINS.

THE BLACK SILK DEPARTMENT

is replete with the productions of manufacturers best known for their most reliable and most durable make—most of which can be guaranteed.

FUR DEPARTMENT.

We invite special attention to the carefully selected STOCK of WELL-SEASONED FURS in this room, especially to a cheap but valuable Lot of SABLE and ERMINE FURS, advantageously purchased. CARRIAGE RUGS, FOOT MUFFS, and FUR TRIMMINGS.

MADE-UP ROBES, COSTUMES, and DRESSING GOWNS.

The variety here set forth is a full representation of all that is novel in the most favoured materials, including Plain and Clan Tartan SERGES, REPS, ITALIAN TWILLS, MERINOES, &c.

HOSIERY, GLOVE, and OUTFITTING.

Special arrangements having been entered into, for the supply of this department throughout the season, with Scotch, Lambs' Wool, Cashmere, and Merino Hosiery and Under Clothing. F. B. with confidence call the attention of their friends to the well-assorted stock they are now enabled to offer.

Dent's and Fowne's town-made Kid Gloves: also, the celebrated makes of French manufacture. Gentlemen's Shirts in stock and made to order. Gent.'s Scarves, Collars, Ties, and Braces, &c.

MANCHESTER DEPARTMENT.

Calicoes, Linens, Towellings, and Shirtings. Horrocks's, Crewdson's, and other approved makes of Calico.
WELSH and LANCASHIRE FLANNELS.
BATH and WITNEY BLANKETS.
Charitable Institutions and Clothing Societies supplied on Wholesale terms.
COLOURED and PRINTED FLANNELS for DRESSING GOWNS.
PLAIN and FANCY COLOURED WINCEY SKIRTINGS.
FANCY DRESSES, REPS, and WINCEYS.

NEW TARTAN PLAIDS in FRENCH POPLINS and REPS.
SCOTCH ALL WOOL TARTANS.

THE NEW SATIN LAINE CLOTH,
Autumn Shades in FRENCH SILK and WOOL REPS.
ABERDEEN WINCEYS and WOOL SERGES.
SPECIALITE.—A desirable lot of FANCY REPS at 9s. 4½d. full dress, worth 12s. 6d.

FRENCH MERINOES, BRADFORD REPS, and COBURGS.
Special attention is directed to a parcel of FRENCH MERINOES, in seasonable colours, at 1s. 9½d. and 2s. 6½d. per yard.

LACE, FLOWER, and FEATHER DEPARTMENT.
In this Department will be found a complete assortment of what is new and tasteful.

LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S Silk and Alpaca UMBRELLAS.

ENGLISH and FOREIGN RIBBON DEPARTMENT.
CLAN TARTAN RIBBONS, to match throughout, from the narrowest to the widest widths.

LADIES' CLAN TARTAN NECK TIES and SCARVES.

KNITTED SHETLAND WOOL RUFFLES, TIES, and COLLARETTES.

TRIMMINGS, HABEBDASHERY, and SMALLWARES.

BERLIN WOOL and FOREIGN NEEDLEWORK.

The now prevailing TARTAN TRIMMINGS, in all Clans.

FALKNER BROTHERS'
EXPOSITION OF AUTUMN FASHIONS FOR 1869,
STEVENSON SQUARE.

G. R. Allinson, General Manchester Warehouse) Families supplied Any length cut from the Piece at Wholesale Prices. (54 & 54a, High-st.

BILLIARDS ON SUNDAY.

THE German Club is turning in its grave. An almost lifeless body for many months past, it suddenly gives what a Sabbatarian might call an unholy twitch, and then resumes its former state of syncope. About a year ago we gave a description of this institution. The Schiller Anstalt is something between a club and a Young Men's Un-Christian Association. It resembles the Athenæum in so far that there is no ballot, but that it is a public building open to any one who likes to walk in and pay the subscription. But in every other respect it resembles an ordinary English club, without its selectness.

When it removed to a house of its own last autumn, the novelty which surrounded it and the comfort of the arrangements brought the old members together, and attracted a number of new ones. The building is situated in the Oxford Road, on the confines of that portion of Germany known as Greenheys. For three months it was alive with young men who made a business of drinking Vienna beer, who played at billiards with all the rapture of bad players, who racked their heads over perplexing games at chess, or racked other people's heads with the rattle of the clamorous domino, who read gloomy German newspapers with all the perseverance of patriots, and eat incongruous German dinners with all the daring of youth. This flourishing state of things did not last. The accessible character of the club, which was intended to give it the strength of numbers, acted rather as a laxative than otherwise. The unrestricted admission involved a variety of character which would not coalesce, and therefore came into collision. Whether it be mutual prejudice, or any more reasonable sentiment, it is undeniable that the Jewish and the Christian races have never been able to dissolve in each other. And this observation partially accounts for the want of concord in the German Club. But there is another reason for its failure. In no country can a club of foreign settlers be successfully established unless it be personally supported by the very best class of those settlers. The want of this support has blighted the Schiller Anstalt. It is impossible to ignore a faint tone of contempt whenever one of the best type of Manchester Germans speaks of the club. Its public character renders it too plebeian for his personal use. And a certain want of a reason for its existence, often prevents him from giving it his pecuniary support. If you say to him: "Give me a yearly subscription. *Il faut s'amuser*"—he can't help feeling "*Je ne vois pas la nécessité.*" When the club was first started, there seems to have been a vague idea that they were establishing something between a Temperance Hotel and an Academy of Arts and Sciences. The rich men gave their money, as they will always give it to pretentious Minerva when they deny it to the candid Hebe. When you give five pounds to an academy, you are conscious of a gentle flavour of learning which amply repays you. But give five shillings to a club for the promotion of pleasure, and you feel that you might as well have spent it yourself.

And so the unhappy fact is there, that from a busy family of companionable young men, the club has almost passed into a haunted house. Now and then, on an unusually wet Sunday, you may see the old members there, but not the old spirit. To most of them it is no longer a home, but only a place of shelter. Only in one room in the house could an approach to the sociability of former days be enjoyed, and that was in the Billiard Room. At least this was the case until a few weeks ago, when an evil spirit broke out amongst the billiard players, and rendered even the Billiard Room a desert waste. Of all games, billiards is perhaps the most fascinating. It requires skill and judgment, without the slightest perceptible mental exertion. In the loneliest days of the Schiller Club, a little crowd of players never failed to meet at night, and play at pool. And from playing every night in the week, they ended in wanting to play on Sundays. Accordingly they framed a petition to the directors, begging for this privilege. To this the directors replied that to grant it would not, in their opinion, be in the interests of the club, but that a general meeting should be called to decide the question. It is this meeting, so novel in its constitution and so novel in its object, that we wish to chronicle.

But before proceeding to the meeting, we will try to explain the temper in which it was anticipated by the members. When the directors referred the pool players to the general meeting (instead of immediately sanctioning their request), those gentlemen organised a billiard strike. All the regular pool players agreed to abstain from playing on the club tables, and by this means they deprived the club of a considerable source of income. From that evening the Billiard Room became as sad and as lonely as the Chess Room or the Parlour. If you went in at ten o'clock you might faintly discern the diminutive billiard markers sprawling on their respective tables, and knocking the balls about in a dim twilight of gas. It seems to us that nothing can excuse the unfairness of the members who agreed to the strike. The Schiller Club is a Republic governed by ten directors, elected yearly. Now to be a good Republican argues a certain amount of self-denial. If you are in a minority you must be prepared to submit until, with the majority's own weapon, namely, liberty of speech, you have turned the tables. The pool players did not deny themselves pool. They assembled at a neighbouring hotel, and only denied themselves the club tables. Thus there was a certain amount of shabbiness in this movement, and it created some ill-feeling in members who took little or no interest in the question. As the day of the meeting approached, it was evident that the pool had been stirred up, and a good deal of mud had come to the surface. It was evident that some had appointed themselves whippers-in, to secure the votes of stray members. While others felt that they were advancing the movement by means of miniature lists, which they meditated deeply, making mysterious marks against mysterious names, with lead pencil dipped in the mouth. Only those members are qualified to vote who have paid the subscription for two consecutive years. The consequence of this restriction is, that out of 350 members, only 150 at present share the government. This limited registration simplified the calculations of both parties, and we believe that the list of voters was compiled with a merciless scrutiny which would have made Miss Becker shudder. Somehow the Billiard party assumed the character of Radical, as opposed to the anti-Billiard party, or Tory. Not that it was a question of progress or principle, but simply a question of policy. It is as customary for a German to play at billiards on Sunday as it is for an Englishman to abstain from playing. It is only when you act contrary to custom that you are supposed to act from principle. The Billiard party, with its long hair, fighting with its billiard cue against the dismal prejudices of a Sabbatarian people, appeared to be the Liberals. But how far more truly liberal were those others, who also

loved their Sunday pleasures, but stopped at pitying the prejudices which others sought to scandalize.

The General Meeting assembled last Monday evening, in the Gymnasium of the club. Passing through the Billiard Room you noticed that the gas was turned down, and the tables were at rest, as if they knew what was going on, and were determined to remain neatral. The Gymnasium is a large, whitewashed, brilliant, irregular hall. A rude platform, a few rows of chairs, two hundred Germans, two hundred cigars, a dash of defiance, a dash of forbearance—and there you have the meeting. The chairman opens the meeting with a few sentences, in which he betrays a quick temper, but not a bad temper. You respect him at once, and feel that you would rather have a quick temper than a bad temper. Then the leader of the Billiard party is invited to introduce his motion. He has plenty of nervous talent, but he wants coherence. He looks as if he wanted coherence generally. There is no beginning to his speech, and very nearly no end. He is constantly trying to say something smart. He gives you the impression of a man striking Bryant and May's Patent Safety Matches, which only light on the box, and not always there. This gentleman's epigrams only light on the ears of his adherents, and not always there. But when he sits down he receives a hearty cheer, which no doubt reminds him of the lines:

> How light the touches are that kiss
> The music from the chords of life.

When his motion has been seconded, the chairman invites a member of the anti-Billiard party to express his views. There is no response for some minutes, and consequently triumphant chuckles of the Billiard party. At last a misguided person comes to the front, and it is fortunate that he chooses this moment. You are thus spared any doubts as to which side he has embraced. A number of speeches follow. They are not very wise, and, indeed, the subject is a very limited one. But the speakers exhibit more fluency and more justifiable confidence in themselves, than would be exhibited in a similar assembly of Englishmen. There is a lively sensitiveness to the points in the speeches, and plenty of generous applause for the speakers. When the leader of the Billiard party has summed up the speeches of his opponents, a division is taken.

But before we impart the result of this division, we also must sum up the causes of it. The Billiard party is composed mostly of the irresponsible members who have no votes, who have only their own gratification at heart, and who probably think that it is a plucky reform which they are inaugurating. By assiduous canvassing, they have secured nearly every vote which they would have obtained if all the registered members had been present. On the other hand, the anti-Billiard party, in opposing Sunday playing, have ignored their private predilections, and have only considered the welfare of the club. They find that the feeling of their wealthier compatriots, who helped to found the club and have since contributed to its support, is strongly opposed to it. In fact they take this very liberal view, that to secure themselves a pleasure at the cost of wounding the prejudices of the people amongst whom they live, would be a poor return for the many advantages they enjoy. The division showed, that of the registered members not one half were present. The motion in favour of playing at billiards on Sunday was carried by a majority of four, there being thirty-three ayes and twenty-nine noes, and in the cheers which followed the announcement of this result, there was as much of surprise as of delight.

To the Schiller Anstalt belongs all the glory and all the shame of having broken the sweet tedium of the English Sunday. Although, from its associations, it almost enjoys the privacy of a club, in its constitution it is as public an institution as the Athenæum. The stranger entering this institution on the still and unworldly Sunday, will be greeted oddly, but not pleasantly, with the tittering gossip of men engaged in play, the prattle of sixpences rattling on the cloth, and the ivory chatter of the billiard balls.

THE REV. J. A. MACFADYEN.

[CHORLTON ROAD INDEPENDENT CHAPEL.]

CHORLTON Road Independent Chapel stands on the edge of the green fields, in a pleasant situation near Brooks's Bar. It is a spired building of the decorated Gothic character, but somewhat in the confectioner's style, with more of prettiness than force or strength in the ideas expressed in it. Entering it the other Sunday morning, we found the history of the church appropriately recorded on tablets placed within the corridor. From these we learnt that it is the parent church of the Congregationalists in Manchester, and had its birth in a meeting house first used by the Rev. Henry Newcome, a clergyman who was ejected from his fellowship in the Collegiate Church in 1673, for holding Nonconformist views. Over a hundred years ago the church worshipped in Cannon Street, and continued to do so until the erection of the present building, some seven or eight years since. The chronicle further informed us how the churches of Grosvenor Street (Piccadilly) and Cavendish Street sprang from this one, giving also the list of honourable names of those who have ministered to it.

The interior effect is pleasing, though perhaps there is a redundance of ornament. The plan is cruciform, with transept and apse. With the exception of a small organ gallery over the entrance, it presents an area unbroken by pillars, and filled with neat and comfortable pews. Like Cavendish Street Chapel and others of a more recent date, it is a striking evidence of the advance made by the Congregationalists in church building. In some of its features, however, there are innovations upon the old order of things not altogether pleasing to some of the leaders of the body. We allude to the existence of the apse, which necessitates the removal of the pulpit from its usual prominent situation in a dissenting chapel, and the placing of it at an angle with the transept. Doubtless the idea sought to be expressed in the Church of England by this position is that the sermon should not be considered the main feature of the service, the object of assembling together being more for praise and prayer than for preaching. We once heard the Rev. Dr. Halley remonstrate strongly against this form of church building. He urged that the existence of a chancel or apse suggested an altar which, if these things were allowed to go on, it was to be feared might find a place there. He therefore pleaded earnestly for the retention of the pulpit in its old position.

A beautiful building suggests a beautiful form of service. Some attention has been paid to this matter at Chorlton Road Chapel, resulting in one marked by simplicity, intelligence, and good taste. Another evidence of the influence of external things was suggested to, as to which, however, we would not attach undue importance. Over the pulpit there is a carved angel with back blown hair and prayerful, uplifted hands, one of several which adorn the building. This seemed to us to account in an æsthetical way for the retention of the Geneva gown and bands by the minister who stood beneath it.

The Rev. J. A. Macfadyen is a gentleman who received his ministerial training at the Lancashire Independent College, and obtained his degree of M.A. from the Glasgow University. His appearance in the pulpit is somewhat prepossessing. He has a strong, intellectual, manly face, fringed with a great growth of beard, and expressive of considerable force and individuality of character. There is a certain amount of Scotch hardness about it, and the first impression you get is, that you have a man before you who means work—one with nothing of the dilettante priest about him. His manner of reading and his attitude in prayer confirm the impression. He has a firm, clear, but somewhat dry and monotonous voice, the accent of which betrays his nationality. He reads well, with slow emphasis, and in his prayers is simple and earnest. We have only had the pleasure of hearing him preach twice, and at an interval of several years. The first sermon we heard from him (in the course of which he recited a great portion of Longfellow's

poem on Resignation) left upon our mind the impression of a florid, eloquent, but earnest preacher. Time appears to have worked changes both outwardly and inwardly, but of such a nature as to make comparison favourable. There is the same earnestness, but associated with a stronger and more subdued tone of thought. On the occasion of our recent visit we heard him to considerable advantage. It was the first sermon after a long vacation, and the place was crowded. The opening sentences of his discourse were marked by a pleasant after-holiday atmosphere. He told his hearers how, while absent, he had been upon the sea, had climbed to the tops of mountains, and wandered through old cathedrals. Manifold influences and thoughts had come to him in the varied scenes through which he had passed, which he had endeavoured to stereotype on his mind, desiring to utilise them for the benefit of his flock. This introduction seemed to afford a key-note to the preacher's mind. There was in it that "singing in the sails which is not of the breeze," that indefinable something which lets you into the secret of a man's nature, hinting at, rather than disclosing, its depth, breadth, and tone. Though the sermon which followed was of a highly doctrinal and practical kind, it was clear that the preacher's mind was capable of expansion beyond the narrow limits of theology. The text was chosen from the two first verses of the sixth chapter of Hebrews, and the sermon related to the perfecting of the Christian life and character. There was in it a good deal of close reasoning regarding the process of regeneration, of repentance, faith, baptism, and of the resurrection and judgment. Proceeding mainly along orthodox lines, the preacher worked out his premises to logical conclusions, which, if we could not always accept, was only because we doubted the premises. We shall be much mistaken if we should find that the Rev. Mr. Macfadyen is a narrow-minded man, though he seems to strive to keep within the safe pale of orthodoxy. In alluding to the doctrine of eternal punishments, we could almost believe from his tone that he spoke against his own hopes and convictions when he consigned the wicked to everlasting torture. That hope expressed by Tennyson in *In Memoriam*—

> That somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill;
> * * * that good shall fall
> At last—far off—at last to all,
> And every winter change to spring,

is one which seems to be gaining ground, and we thought we detected a shade of regret in the preacher's avowal that he was compelled to preach this doctrine because his Master had enunciated it, and therefore he could not gainsay it.

Mr. Macfadyen's elocution and manner in the pulpit, though forcible and impressive, are not graceful. He makes vigorous use of his hands in conveying his arguments, but his movements are jerky. He can tell a good story to illustrate a point. One we heard is worth repeating. It was told to illustrate the relation of faith and works in the Christian life. On the Firth of Forth he had met with an old ferryman, who, though in humble circumstances, was a man of considerable intelligence and a shrewd observer of human nature. Among other things, he had given much thought to theology, which, however, the preacher said was not a surprising matter in a country where theology is pretty generally used as a material upon which to sharpen the intellect. One Sunday the ferryman had occasion to row two ministers across the Firth who were going to preach on the opposite shore. They held contradictory views on the question of faith and works, one maintaining the saving efficacy of faith, the other sticking as closely to works. A warm discussion took place during their passage across the stream, to which the boatman listened in silence. In the evening they returned, and the boatman had again to row them. When they were about mid-stream he dropped one oar and began to pull with the other: the result was that the boat went round. The clergymen remonstrated with him on his unusual course, and asked him to use the other oar. This he did, but dropped the first one, with a similar result in the opposite direction. No progress was made. At last he lifted the oars from the boat, and showed upon one the inscription "Faith," and on the other "Works," and explained to the disputants that, as in the propelling of his boat two oars were required in united action, so the combination of the two virtues were required in the perfecting of the Christian life.

As a proof of the success of Mr. Macfadyen's ministry it may be stated that the present building has become too small for the congregation, and we understand steps are being taken to enlarge it.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

A VISION IN THE SERMON COLUMN.

NOBODY needs to complain of the want of diversity amongst a certain class of what may be called (for want of a happier epithet) spiritually-minded people. The newspaper sunshine of the advertising column, alike at the service of the wise and the foolish, proclaims this diversity week by week and day by day, to everybody. An anonymous gentleman of an apocalyptical disposition is just now publishing his "Visions" in the *Manchester Guardian*. The "Second Vision" appeared in the sermon column recently. Of course there is no profanity in it or it would not have been permitted to appear in so respectable a "medium." Remembering the scale of advertising charges in the journal mentioned, we should fancy that the Visionary is either very much in earnest or has got plenty of money, but as money and Visionaries don't often go together, the advertisement we refer to is not without the piquancy of the mysterious. It is too good to be lost, and we give the Visionary the benefit of a special publicity:—

SECOND VISION.—I beheld an exceeding broad highway, gloomy and desolate, destitute of verdure right and left; in this highway I saw six lambs walking alone, poor, thin, sore-eyed, and wretched looking in the extreme. One or two of these lambs looked in my face in a very beseeching manner. Poor lambs, said I, I will give you something to eat; so, taking them in my arms, I took them into a house, and placed food before them. The moment they attempted to eat, that same beseeching look was turned upon me, when I beheld a massive stone, and, as my eyes fastened upon it, suddenly it was rent asunder, and, from the place it had covered, arose the body of a man, who ascended in a most majestic manner, and, as he neared the heavens, he assumed the appearance of transparent light, very glorious, and the sky opened to receive him.—As I pondered on the vision, wondering what it could mean, the spirit said, "Feed my lambs on a risen Christ."

Shortly will appear a WEEKLY PAPER, the faithful rebuker of Christendom, and bread from heaven, for the people, instead of dead Protestantism, Popery, creeds, forms, Sectarianism, infidelity, Ritualism, and all the other abominations which maketh desolate, with which the dragon through men, is deceiving the people. "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him, and the Redeemer shall come to Zion saith the Lord."

Our Visionary is scarcely happy in his imitation of scriptural language. To meet "six lambs walking *alone*" is a rather Hibernian way of putting it, and to remark to them "I will give you something to eat" may be kind, but is utterly commonplace. Then to "take them in his arms," (the six ?) and then take them into a house to offer them food which they attempted to eat, but couldn't, is something only possible surely to an advertising Visionary. This would be indeed a lame and impotent conclusion if it did not lead up to the announcement of a weekly paper which will appear shortly. This weekly paper appears to have an exceedingly comprehensive mission. It will be "the faithful rebuker of Christendom, and bread from heaven for the people." It is clear that this apocalyptical advertiser couldn't possibly wind up without a "dragon." Poor Mr. Dick could never get to the end of that interminable memorial of his, without putting Charles the First in it. The "dragon" evidently occupies the place of Charles the First in the demented memorial called the "Second Vision." An erroneous idea prevails that pen and ink are not the kind of playthings popular in bedlam. Evidently this is a mistake.

AFFECTING EPISODE.

It appears, from the correspondence column of a contemporary, that there is in Manchester a gentleman—a writer on the subject of brass filter-taps—who drinks a glass of pure cold water of an evening. This is genuine pathos. In the midst of the excitements and artificialities of a great city, one simple-minded individual is found whose natural unsullied taste resorts each evening to his filter, there to slake his thirst. What a shame that the tap of this Arcadian person should become lined with verdigris! To think that, through his simple-mindedness, he must have become saturated with a solution of brass. The fate of simplicity in this wicked world is truly melancholy. Here is a man who almost restores one's faith in human nature, and the tap of his filter gets full of verdigris!

CATTLE AT SEA.

The subject of the treatment of sheep and cattle on the way from Rotterdam to Harwich, which we brought before the notice of our readers some time ago, has been stirred in London. One of the salutary results of its discussion is the cartoon in last week's *Punch*, which serves to show how much more acceptable that paper is when in the unwonted

position of an advocate of humanity, than when in its usual place upon the other side. One's satisfaction at its new position is materially lessened by the knowledge that if the *Times* had chosen to adopt the drovers' side, *Punch's* finer feelings would not have found vent, or rather *Punch* would have had no finer feelings. One effectual mode of stopping the barbarities of the middle passage is the personal interference of the passengers. Another has been carried into effect at Hull, where an agent of the London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been located for some weeks past. By a rigid application of the law to all offenders, he has succeeded in putting an end to the cruelties formerly practised on board the vessels arriving at the great Yorkshire port.

IN MEMORIAM.

A few lines to the memory of a good and useful life. For thirty-two years, the late George Greaves, M.R.C.S., laboured as Medical Officer of the Chorlton Union Workhouse. To his influence and untiring exertions is due, in great measure, the erection of the Pavilion Hospitals at Withington, considered among the best in the kingdom. To the sick and poor he was a zealous and affectionate friend. When, in 1865, typhus fever raged fiercely throughout Hulme and Chorlton-on-Medlock, he brought down the nursing Sisters from All Saints' Home, London, a second Florence Nightingale band, and with like benefit to our sick and dying fellow-citizens. His efforts for the sanitary improvement of this city ended only with his death. As certifying surgeon under the Factory Act, he laboured conscientiously for the benefit both of master and workmen. He was the Treasurer and an active member of the Manchester Statistical Society, and read at its meetings several papers which were afterwards printed and extensively circulated. His last literary effort in the cause of the public health appeared in these pages on the 31st of July. "How Typhus is bred in Manchester"—the title of the article is in itself a record of the kind of personal service which he dedicated so willingly and earnestly to the welfare of his fellow-men. His death, on the 8th of September, resulted from the prick of a needle, accidentally received while assisting at an operation in the Union Workhouse. He inflicted a slight scratch on his left thumb, neglected it for three days, then became seriously ill, and, in five days more, sank exhausted. "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when He cometh shall find watching."

THE SALFORD FREE LIBRARY.

It will be pleasant news to a large number of people in Salford to hear that a branch of the Free Library at Peel Park is to be opened, at no very distant date, at the Greengate end of the borough. A plot of ground has been purchased by the corporation in Broughton Road, and preparations for building will be commenced without needless delay. Although the Salford Free Library is two years older than that of Manchester, this is its first branch. It can scarcely fail to be appreciated by the dense population in whose midst it will be placed. At Peel Park, we are glad to say, the librarians and their assistants are, in future, to participate in the Saturday half-holiday.

THE HAYMARKET COMPANY.

The return of this company to Manchester has been signalized by the production of two more of the old Comptonian triumphs. Dr. Dr. Pangloss is a character so exquisitely adapted to Mr. Compton's idiosyncracies that his portrayal of it renders the performance of the *Heir-at-Law*, otherwise a not very entertaining piece, almost as enjoyable as the other stock-plays of the company. It is to be hoped that no one was deterred from the humoursome exhibition of last Wednesday night, by the depressing portrait of Mr. Compton in that character exhibited last winter at the Royal Institution. Perhaps, we do the artist an injustice. Perhaps it wasn't meant for Mr. Compton at all. True, the catalogue said it was; but the picture said, as plainly as a picture could say, it wasn't. It is a striking proof of the popularity of Mr. Compton in this town that it has advanced him to the unique dignity of an annual benefit here. Graves, in *Money*, is one of his most ludicrous characters, and has the advantage of being backed by a peculiarly excellent modern play, marred however by too great a multitude of characters, which are, in consequence of their number, in some cases merely sketches. Thus, it will be seen that the most interesting features of this second visit to us of the Haymarket Company are again centred in Mr. Compton, into whom the interest of the town is every year in more and more danger of being absorbed. We do not fear, however, that the excellences of his colleagues will ever lack due recognition at the hands of Manchester.

MR. HOWE AND BULWER'S PLAYS.

Mr. L. C. Gent writes to assure us that Mr. Diddear, and not Mr. Howe, was the first representative of Gaspar in the *Lady of Lyons*. This may be so; but we are disposed to doubt our correspondent's next statement that Mr. Howe was the original Glavis. Having no copy of the original cast at hand, we can only state our impressions that if Mr. Howe did not play Gaspar, the peasant, he performed the still more humble part of the First Officer! When he left Covent Garden on Mr. Macready's withdrawal in 1839–40, Howe went to the Haymarket and there took the part of Beauseant, a *role* which he has ever since retained at that theatre, performing it in succession to the Claude Melnotte of Kean, Barry Sullivan, Anderson, Edwin Booth, and others. Mr. Benjamin Webster used to play Glavis. The *Lady of Lyons* was performed in 1838, and *Money* in 1840. Mr. Howe made his first appearance in London in 1835, at the Standard Theatre, as Antonio, in the *Merchant of Venice*, a fact which strengthens our remark of last week, that Mr. Howe must have a most enviable constitution to wear so well after such a long and arduous a career.

THE EAST CHESHIRE ELECTION STAKES.

THIS race, which takes place on Saturday, the 9th instant, excites much interest, both in this neighbourhood and in the metropolis. The two candidates, Railroad and Crœsus, are both Lancashire horses, intimately connected with Manchester, and now closely identified with the adjoining County of Cheese.

Railroad, whose pedigree was given in this journal when he ran and was defeated for the Stockport Cup last year, has been constantly before the public for many years, and is known at all the railway stations in England. He came out when quite young, having received his preparatory training entirely at home. In fact, his owner publicly said, not long since, that he had received very little schooling. He made his debut as a two-year-old in the Athenæum Stakes, on the Manchester race-course, in the centre of the City, and, even at that early period of his career, gave signs of his future notoriety. Although he has been doing hard and uninterrupted work ever since, he is still sound and full of running, and has neither curb nor spavin about him. He always was very hard in the mouth, has a powerful jaw, and pulls tremendously. He covers an immense deal of ground in his stride, and goes like one of his own steam-engines. Indeed the horse is a perfect glutton for work, and frequently attends two or three meetings in one day. After his Athenæum performance, Railroad went to Birmingham, where he continued his training. He then farmed the Sheffield Stakes for some time, and also ran into a place for the Great Eastern Handicap. Next, he won the Yarmouth Cup, but was disqualified. Subsequently he crossed the Atlantic, and ran in the Grand Trunk Races in Canada with success. In 1865 he won the Stockport Cup, and, after going up to Westminster, he entered for the Reform Stakes, but got all abroad in the contest. It was rumoured about this time that he had changed hands, and was about to run in different colours, and the fact of his being decorated on his "weighing in," by Bendizzy, the trainer, gave some colour to the rumour. However, it turned out not to be correct, and Railroad still runs in his old colours. Last year the Stockport Cup looked like a certainty for him, but somehow, unaccountably, he lost the race. It was said that somebody about the stable had been hocussed, but, however that may be, we know that an attempt was made to get at the horse by a notorious nobbler, one Fussyden, who was caught red-handed in the act, and received a mauling in consequence. Railroad's running in the Brighton Railway Fare Stakes, last year, was not liked. Railroad is now doing very strong work, and taking rasping gallops every day, in Cheshire. As it is twenty-two years since this race was contested, people don't know much about the course, which has lately been quite altered. In appearance Railroad bears a striking resemblance to

Expender, who has retired from the turf and taken to hunting. He will be ridden by Tom Hyde, one of the most determined jockeys of the day, who takes hold of his horse's head after the manner of George Fordham, sends him along as straight as a bullet, and at the critical time raises the whip and applies the spur, if necessary. From certain remarks made, however, by Tom at Newton, near Hyde, on Tuesday last, it does not appear that he is very confident on this occasion.

Crœsus, by Brooklands out of Currency, is a well-known Lancashire horse, and his sire was as familiar to Manchester folk as old Touchstone and Alice Hawthorn used to be. Crœsus was bred at Whalley Range. At an early age he was put into work and sent to the great Cambridgeshire training grounds. While there he made his first appearance in public, and as a three-year-old he succeeded in getting a place in the Wrangler Stakes. He was then brought home and put into training for the great Banking races, and, as he continued to train on and took to his work kindly, he made a great deal of money for his owner. Crœsus was then turned out to grass for some time, but was never fairly put out of training, as he continued to do a great deal of walking exercise daily. Latterly he has appeared in public again in the Lombard Street Plate, and notably at the Westminster Abbey meeting, when he made all the running for Marchioness, the winner of the Huntley Stakes, in the presence of the Prince of Wales and a fashionable assembly of celestials. He is now in active training for the Cheshire Cup, and, after having done good work on the Scotch moors in Perthshire and Aberdeenshire, and attended several aristocratic gatherings, he has returned home and is taking daily gallops over the same ground as his opponent Railroad. In fact, the method pursued in the training of both horses is identical, and trainers, jockeys, and horses have all taken up their quarters on either bank of the Mersey, almost within sight of each other, near Northenden churchyard, a locality lately described in these columns. Crœsus greatly resembles his sire in his paces, being a tremendously fast walker, and he can trot well, if required. He has likewise some capacity for fencing, and can get over any difficulty in that way with coolness. He has a good headpiece, and, although somewhat cobby in appearance, is very quick on his legs. He is now in prime condition, full of muscle, his coat shines like satin, and his eye sparkles with health. Crœsus has a fine temper, is as playful as a kitten, and is perfectly sound. Whether he wins or loses the race, his backers may rest perfectly satisfied that he will at all events keep his feet. At the present time Crœsus is favourite for the Cup, the odds being two to one on him, and the money behind him is something enormous. He will be ridden by Wythenshawe, the Cheshire jockey, but the horse wants very little riding, and requires neither whip nor spur.

A FINAL SELECTION FROM MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.

DONE, VERY FREELY, INTO ENGLISH.

[*The Poet, wishing to dine at home, pleads with his Kitchen Chimney against a too vigilant neighbour.*]

Kitchen chimney, pray don't tell him;
Cheat his parasitic eye:
Sell him, kitchen chimney, sell him;
Kitchen chimney! *smoke a lie.*

[*To a wealthy Landowner, asking him not to buy up a poor neighbour's little estate.*]

Leave him his farm: a daughter's grave is there.
His name, in Nature, should for her's be read;
But Fate wished otherwise—and hence my prayer:
Let him remain to cultivate the dead.

[*On sending a freshly written Epigram to a Friend.*]

Boy, take this epigram to L——,
And, look you, take this sponge as well.

The writing's wet, so make good speed:
Don't gape and stare, but set about it;
A sponge comes handy when there's need:
My gift were incomplete without it.

Bad jokes require a total clearance:
I find correction never mends 'em:
There's true wit in their disappearance,
There's finish given by—what ends 'em.

THE HAND-BELL RINGERS AT BELLE VUE.

WHIT-WEEK over again! "From fifteen to twenty thousand people present," say the papers. If they had said double the number, it would never have entered into our head to doubt the statement. The Gardens were literally packed. Every town and village within fifty miles round appeared to have sent a train full of representatives. There were all degrees and varieties of the Lancashire and Yorkshire dialects to be heard, on this side and on that. Whole families, down to the inevitable baby, had come from all sorts of surprising distances, and, what was more surprising still, carrying with them bundles upon bundles of provisions, as if Messrs. Jennison's refreshment rooms and refreshments—the shilling teas, the stacks of penny cakes, the regiments of ginger-beer bottles, the inexhaustible supplies of veal pies and sandwiches—were all a myth and delusion. Lions and tigers were hid behind rows of masculine caps and feminine chignons, ten deep. The Polar bears were running round their dens under a heavy rain of bun-fragments. The lake was alive with boats, crammed to the water's edge, and bumping against one another in all directions; while scores of impatient excursionists awaited their turn on the bank, and the two paddle-wheel steamers took incessant penny voyages, being no sooner emptied of one human cargo than they were overburdened with another. The pond in front of Magdala—Magdala grown somewhat seedy with age—had its boats also, and even more crowding and confusion to get into them. On the dancing-platform, and around it, there was such a crush that we wondered whether anybody could be left to listen to the bells. Indeed, there were no outward or visible signs of bells or bell-ringers at all. The Garden band was performing a "selection," and the people were listening, and sitting down, and crowding round the bar windows as if a hand-bell contest was the very last object of their coming. A few steps more into the large hall, and the mystery was explained. There were country cousins enough and to spare; enough to furnish a magnificent audience for the bell-ringers, and to fill the Gardens as well. Live and learn. We had no idea that bell ringing was so popular an institution.

On the lofty orchestra, which permanently occupies one end of the hall, was a long table, covered with an exceedingly dirty cloth. Round this table stood the ringers, band after band succeeding one another in due order—an order determined beforehand by drawing lots—and each band playing one tune, left to the ringers' own selection, but, as the programme stipulated, "not played by them at any previous contest at Belle Vue." The number of performers in each band varied from seven to eleven. They were, with scarcely an exception, working men—weavers, mechanics, and the like. All the more credit to them for their skill, a skill which could only have been arrived at after long and careful training. "'Taint everybody as can ring a bell," said our right-hand neighbour. Remembering our own ill-used house-bell, we wished we could agree with him. "No, 'taint everybody as can ring one," he repeated, glancing expressively at his own hands as he spoke. "Yer see it takes a power o' thumb work. Yer ring against your thumb, like." And he gave a mysterious, masonic-like twitch of his thumb as he spoke. We were sitting in the reserved seats, having paid an extra sixpence, and received a highly-coloured ticket for the same. "You are a ringer yourself?" we suggested to our communicative neighbour. "Aye," he replied; "I should ha' been up yonder, among the best on 'em. I come from Staffordshire, down at th' Duke o' Sutherland's, you know." We did *not* know, but thought it best not to say so. "Aye, and we ring before th' Duke, in a room they call th' Picture Gallery; like his private band yer see. We've played lots o' overtoors, and selections from operas, Gillium Tell, and Tancredy, and Forst, and a lot more." "Why arn't you playing to-day?" we enquired. Well, this, it appeared, was a sore subject. One of their band had a failing in the way of liquor, so he explained, and indeed a failing every way, ending in his failing altogether, and going off to America. So our friend was here to watch and criticize, only.

He gave us a great deal of valuable information, and when other ringers found him, especially two members of the band which (as it afterwards

proved) took the first prize, we felt ourselves in very exalted company indeed. We grew learned on the subject of bells, the numbers, weights, cost, metal, and tone of the various sets used by the various bands; how silver was more or less used in the construction, and added accordingly to their value; how some bands, performing in the hall, used "duplicates," and could mount we forget how many octaves high; how "Shelley," the winning band, mentioned above, had a set of one hundred and eleven bells, and had actually used eighty-one of them in playing the selection from Haydn's Symphony, which we had just heard and vigorously applauded, as it deserved. Fancy nine men manipulating eighty-one bells! Nine bells to a man! It really looked like a gymnastic feat. The trebles especially put down and picked up their various bells with a quickness past all belief; whilst the bass had some half-dozen large dinner bells before him, besides one big fellow which might almost have been hung with propriety in a church steeple. Then, too, we heard of the past exploits of the various sets of ringers. "Aye, here's Broseley," said our instructor, as a new company mounted the stage. "They took third prize last year. Uttoxeter aint allowed to come at all. They're 'barred by th' committee. They took first prize six times running, and at last there were none as would stand up agin them. You's one on 'em, look, yonder—him with the black moustache." We looked and duly admired. It appeared, also, that Shelley had taken prizes here during the last four years as follows:—Fourth prize in 1865, third in 1866, second in 1867, and first in 1868. "We canna get higher, can we?" said one of our Shelley friends. At any rate, as the sequel showed, they kept their place. Let us not forget, also, that we were told the names of all the tunes, as they were successively performed. No small advantage this, as in some cases the notes got desperately involved, and the air vanished—at least, to our uninstructed ears—amidst a grand crash of many clappers. The Broseley band, for instance, who played, so our friend informed us, "th' overtoor to Zamper," might, for all we could perceive, have been ringing every man on his own hook. They were a most energetic lot, and manipulated their bells with such energy—particularly one fussy and perspiring little man, who, not content with his own assortment of bells, snatched at his neighbours', and rang theirs, too, occasionally—that we were quite relieved when they shut up. It was classical music, we suppose, and ours no doubt the fault that we did not appreciate it. It obtained the fourth prize for its performers, so our own criticism and that of the public generally went for nothing.

We must confess that the less ambitious bands pleased us most, always excepting the Shelley, which, if it aimed high, proved itself well able to do so. Thus, for instance, the Old Glossop, who played the Maybells Polka, acquitted themselves so admirably, and rang in such beautiful time and tune, that there was a universal burst of applause from all parts of the hall when they ended. The other Glossop band, consisting of eight brothers, Charles, Aaron, John, James, Thomas, Joseph, George, and William Howard, played with great taste and execution, and without all the fuss and exertion of the Broseleyites and others. Neither of these bands obtained a prize. No more did the Hyde ringers, who performed the Cornflower Waltzes, a sort of medley of tunes, beginning and ending with "There's a motto for every man," which went very nicely. The Batley Junior, too, who played "Come home, father," with variations, and, if we may use the terms with reference to bell music, remarkable feeling and pathos, merited, or very nearly so, the place assigned to them by our Staffordshire friend. "I put Shelley first, and Batley second, and Leeds United third, and I should say Hyde, or one o' th' Glossop bands, fourth. That's how *I* put 'em!" He turned out to be right as to the first and third, but the Scarborough band took second place, and, as we have seen, the Broseley fourth. The former were just finishing "He is the King of Glory" as we entered the hall. We were then so far back, and hemmed in by the crowd, that it would be unjust to chronicle our opinion of their merits. Two of the bands broke down, or rather, on each occasion, when one of the ringers made a palpable slip, the others gave in at once, feeling sure that their chance was gone. "Yer see," said our instructor on the first of these occasions, "Bass failed, and th' air attempted to pull up, but failed too." No doubt it was so, though we don't quite understand it. There were eighteen competing bands in all. They got through their work in very creditable time, as well as style. Six had already finished when we entered. The remaining twelve took about two hours and a quarter in going through their tunes. It was about a quarter past five o'clock when the eighteenth, the Batley Junior, finished, packed up their bells, and descended, like their seventeen predecessors.

By this time the other end of the hall was getting inconveniently full and noisy, from the crowds who kept pouring in out of the wet. We stayed to hear the first of the five acts of change ringers, who followed after a short interval. The table, with its dirty cloth, was removed, and the six ringers stood in a circle, each one with his two bells, which he raised and lowered in their proper turn, like so many pieces of mechanism. The effect, of course, was that of subdued chimes, as heard from a distant church tower. Being utterly ignorant of the meaning of "A Plain Course of Grandsire Cinques" ("sinks," as our friend called them), and finding the explanation given us scarcely satisfactory, while the actual effect of the "sinks" was a trifle monotonous, we left while the Saddleworth (and, as it turned out, first prize) ringers were hard at work; and, pushing our way through the dense crowd, who had evidently but just begun the evening, we walked home, well pleased with our afternoon's amusement.

THE PICTURES AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

I.—LANDSCAPES.

THE Exhibition at the Royal Institution this year is an average one, and no more; it contains one great work—Mr. F. Madox Brown's Elijah and the Widow's Son—and a few of high merit; the rest are such as we have seen year after year, and seem likely to see as long as the Exhibition is conducted as at present. The reason why Manchester does not succeed in bringing together a better collection of works of art, and the means by which she might succeed, can be stated to more advantage after we have completed our survey of the pictures now on view. For the convenience of criticism it is intended to divide the pictures into three classes:—Landscapes; Figures and Portraits; and Figures and Landscapes; and to treat each class separately, making no distinction between oil paintings and water colour drawings, and, in accordance with this division, we begin with the Landscapes.

In most English exhibitions now-a-days we find three styles of landscape painting:—the purely English, the purely foreign, and, lastly, any landscape treated under the influence of a continental art education. This year the Exhibition is sadly deficient in the second style. In the first style, Early Spring (No. 90), by Mr. J. W. Oakes, and Up Park, Sussex (374), by Mr. A. Cole, are fair specimens of the strength and weakness of the English school. In Mr. Oakes's picture there is evidence of most careful attention to small facts, and great pains and labour in representing those small facts; but also there is an entire absence of the two artistic powers necessary to a landscape painter—the power of generalization founded on a careful study of nature, and the power of concentration founded on good art education. These two powers alone can enable an artist to produce works worthy of being called pictures. Mr. Cole's Up Park, Sussex, is better than Mr. Oakes's Early Spring, inasmuch as his subject is simpler. The Jungfrau (44), by L. R. Mignot, though not so good a specimen of foreign work as might be wished, may be cited as an example of how an extremely complicated landscape can be simplified by generalization.

Of Welsh mountain scenery we have plenty this year, and Mr. Whittaker, who seems to be considered the prophet of moorland painting, exhibits two drawings—Welsh Mountains (462) and Mountain Torrent (495)—and in them carries out the principle of generalization most effectively, to the utter sacrifice of form, and even suggestion of form, in sky, rocks, water, and mountains. No amount of haste in the most rapid sketch can justify such a neglect of form as is shown—to mention one point—in the stones to the left of the stream in No. 495. Mr. Charles Potter, M.A.A., tries to tell the same kind of story in his three drawings—A Wintry Day in Langdale (480), The Wintry Torrent,

Westmorland (539), and Morning Mist on the Westmorland Fells (548) —and, in spite of a thinness of line and unfortunate mannerism in his execution, succeeds in producing pictures which, by intention and care, are raised to a high place compared to Mr. Whittaker's. The impressive Highland Solitude (555) by Mr. George Crozier, is the same class of subject, and can only be praised, and, like Mr. Boyce's Arisaig (405), wherever that may be (it might be in North Wales), is especially valuable as showing how these wild mountain tops may be treated with sobriety and yet lose nothing of their character. When will the mass of painters of moorlands and mountains learn to be satisfied with something less than a spate, a thunderstorm, or an earthquake?

Mr. Clarence Whaite, M.A.A., has four pictures this year, and all are much like what we have seen before. The Gipsy Camp, Sunset (70), is marred by the nearer figures, which are not of a piece with the rest of the picture; otherwise it is a success, as far as such an effect can be. The wisdom of choosing such an effect is open to doubt. The same objection as to the figures may be made as regards the Mussel Gatherers (143); they again interfere seriously with the whole picture. The third, the Shepherd Boy's Story (205), is very charming, and perhaps the most complete picture Mr. Whaite has painted.

Mr. Whistler's pictures, Wind and Sea (343), and Sea and Rain (345), ought to be most interesting, if looked at for what they really are, namely, studies from nature. By the term studies from nature is meant that they are painted entirely at one sitting, that sitting lasting only as long as the particular effect remained, which, as all landscape painters know, can be but a very short time, even on a dull gray day. Of course, unless they be almost perfect as far as they go, the fact that these studies are painted at once goes for nothing; but in this case too high praise can scarcely be given. Both Mr. Whistler's works depend for their success on truth of tone and colour. Were any one part too dark, or any part too light, or any inharmonious piece of colour left, their great value would not exist. As it is, they may be said to be faultless both in colour and tone, and wherever form is suggested—and it is never more than suggested—it is most accurate. Then again, each one is equal throughout, no one part being more or less developed than another—a quality seldom found in studies, or pictures either, by English landscape painters.

One of the most charming drawings in the Exhibition is Mr. J. C. Moore's Campagna—Winter (452), a most simple subject most simply treated, but standing alone for delicacy and beauty in line, colour, and sentiment.

A more unlikely subject than (387) New Smithfield could hardly be imagined; yet Mr. Boyce, who certainly has no rival as a painter of red brick houses, has made it not only interesting but picturesque (in the good sense of the word), and that by merely straightforward and honest work.

Mr. C. E. Johnson is represented this year by two seascapes. The Last of the Spanish Armada (15) is more pretentious than any work by which he has hitherto been known, and it cannot be said to be successful, for the execution is upleasantly streaky, and without variety in hills, clouds, waves, and rocks. Getting Her Off (108) is much better in every way, in colour, painting, and completeness.

Mr. H. J. Holding has two oil paintings, Loch Fyne (39), and Seaweed Gatherers at the Mumbles (67), which are much superior to what he has ever done before. The grouping of boats and figures in the first, and the excellence of tone in the second, must be specially mentioned.

The Exhibition may be congratulated that Mr. McCallum does not require so many yards of line this year as formerly: also, Mr. McCallum may be congratulated on his water-colour drawing, The Forum, Rome (377), which is much more satisfactory than his oil paintings generally are, having none of that unpleasant metallic quality which usually exists in his large works.

Two very clever though unrefined landscapes are (331), a Winter picture, by Mr. E. Edwards, and The Viaduct (354), by Mr. J. H. Bland. The first is a little funereal, but very powerful; the second excellent in colour, and well painted. The child in white in the foreground is not nice, but the other figures are unobjectionable.

Mr. J. Thomson's picture, A "Litany," Brittany (300), is one of the most charming of its kind in the Exhibition. The colour is very pleasant and the composition well balanced. Slight as it is almost to slovenliness, it is consistent throughout, no one part being forced at the expense of the rest, and there is no objectionable mannerism. We wish, notwithstanding, that Mr. Thomson would let us see some work more thorough and every way more important than this, for he is a true artist, and has gifts which ought to carry him far.

There are still several landscapes, especially in the Water Colour room, that deserve longer notice than can be given here. For instance, Spring (413), by Mr. J. Knight, M.A.A.; two very careful studies by Mr. T. H. Rothwell; a very artistic drawing, the Coming Tide (516), by Mr. T. Collier; and, lastly, a Terrace at Haddon, by a Mr. Chase, only mentioned in order that it may be said that it should never have been hung.

LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.

THE GREAT DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER.

CHAPTER I.

THE canal system of Great Britain owns a duke as its parent, and its cradle was Worsley, in the vicinity of Manchester. Without Francis, third Duke of Bridgewater, our vast network of artificial water-ways would not have been produced just when it was wanted, as a prime element in the sudden growth of British industry, during the second half of the eighteenth century. Without Worsley, the Duke of Bridgewater might never have been led to undertake the great enterprizes which make his career so conspicuous in the annals of the British *noblesse*. It is as owner and occupier of Worsley that he claims a place in our Gallery of Lancashire Worthies. Had not Worsley been among his possessions, he would not, probably, have given occasion for the proud boast of his "collateral descendant," the late and first Earl of Ellesmere, that "the history of Francis Duke of Bridgewater is engraved in intaglio on the face of the country he helped to civilize and enrich."

For more than two centuries and a half the estate and manor of Worsley have belonged to people of the Egerton blood, and the present Earl of Ellesmere, though properly a Gower, is Lord of Worsley through his descent from a sister of our Duke of Bridgewater, whose first canal was that from Worsley to Manchester. Worsley's earliest owner of whom there is any record belongs to legend almost as much as to history. This was a certain "Elias de Workeslegh, or Workedlegh," as the name was originally spelt, who possessed it "as early as the Conquest;" and who is said to have been "of such strength and valour that he was reputed a giant, and in old scripts is often called Elias Gigas. He fought many duells, combats, &c."—without any presentiment of the Peace Society, his quaint old historiographer adds—"for the love of our Saviour, Jesus Christ; and obtained many victories." Worsley remained with the descendants of this half-legendary Elias until the end of the third Edward's reign, when the line of heirs male expired, and, by the marriage of its inheritress, it was added to the possessions of Sir John Massey of Tatton, in Cheshire After some three generations more had passed away, the male line of the Masseys, too, was extinguished, and Tatton in Cheshire, with Worsley in Lancashire, came by marriage into the hands of the Stanleys of Holt Castle, in Denbighshire. From them, again, by a similar vicissitude, both estates were transferred to the Breretons of Malpas, in Cheshire. The last of the Breretons who owned Worsley and Tatton was Richard, who died without issue, in 1598. "This Richard settled all his estate on Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Chancellor of England." From Sir Thomas Egerton descend the present owner of Worsley, the Earl of Ellesmere, and the present owner of Tatton, Lord Egerton of the same.

Why did Richard Brereton "settle all his estate on Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Chancellor of England?" Presumably because, to begin with, he much liked and esteemed Sir Thomas, but with Queen Elizabeth's Lord Keeper and James I.'s Lord Chancellor he had also a sort of connection by marriage. Richard Brereton had taken unto himself for wife Dorothy, daughter of Sir Richard Egerton, of Ridley, in Cheshire, and the famous Chancellor, progenitor of the Earls and Dukes of Bridgewater that were, and of the Earls of Ellesmere and Lords Egerton of Tatton that are, being the illegitimate son of this Sir Richard Egerton, was thus a *quasi* brother-in-law of that Richard Brereton. His mother was one "Alice Spark, of Bickerton," whom plain-spoken Pennant, in his *Tour in Wales*, reports to have

been neither more nor less than a maid-servant, at Doddleston, near Chester, where Sir Thomas appears to have been born. In a sly note to his biography of Sir Thomas Egerton, in the *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, Lord Campbell avers that "the place where his parents met is still pointed out to travellers under the name of 'Gallantry Bank.'" From his mother he is said, in the same memoir, "to have inherited great beauty of countenance. The tradition of the country," his lordship adds, "is that he was nursed by a farmer's wife at Lower Kinnerton, in the neighbourhood, and that being carried, while a child, to Doddleston Hall, which he afterwards purchased when Chancellor, he expressed an eager desire to rise in the world and become the owner of it." Another and a less agreeable tradition is recorded by Pennant:—"The mother had been so much neglected by Sir Richard Egerton, of Ridley, the father of the boy, that she was reduced to beg for support. A neighbourning gentleman, a friend of Sir Richard, saw her asking alms, followed by her child. He admired its beauty, and saw in it the evident features of the Knight. He immediately went to Sir Richard, and laid before him the disgrace of suffering his own offspring, illegitimate as it was, to wander from door to door. He was affected with the reproof, adopted the child, and, by a proper education, laid the foundation of his future fortune." Whatever the truth of this story, a "proper education" was bestowed on the offspring of the fair and frail handmaiden of Doddleston. After being "well grounded in Latin and Greek," young Thomas Egerton was sent, in his sixteenth year, to Brazennose College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself greatly. Leaving the University, he was entered at Lincoln's Inn; and when called to the bar, made steady progress into an excellent practice. To his early legal career belongs the story, that after a vigorous conduct of a case against the Crown, in the Court of Exchequer, Queen Elizabeth, who watched all such causes vigilantly, exclaimed, "On my troth, he shall never plead against me again," and immediately made him one of her counsel, a Q.C., in days when the distinction had more significance than now. In 1581, Egerton became Solicitor-General; 12 years later, Attorney-General, with Coke (upon Lyttleton) for Solicitor. In 1594, he was made Lord Keeper, his handsome person doing him no harm with Queen Elizabeth. Four years afterwards Richard Brereton died without issue. He had "settled all his estate" on his wife's half-brother, who had done his law business for him with fidelity and skill, and who had raised himself to all but the highest office that a subject could occupy. At any rate, these are the facts, and thus it was that Worsley became the possession of an Egerton, to one of whose descendants it belongs at this day.

On the death of Elizabeth, James I. confirmed Sir Thomas Egerton in the Lord Keepership, and very soon afterwards raised him to the still higher office of Lord Chancellor, and to the peerage as Baron Ellesmere; hence the Ellesmere earldom conferred on one of his descendants in recent times. He was full of years and honours when, bowed down by infirmities, in 1617, he resigned the great seal, just after he had been raised a step in the peerage, and created Viscount Brackley, the courtesy-title now borne by the elder sons of our Earls of Ellesmere. In the short interval between his death and his resignation, King James promised him the Earldom of Bridgewater, a promise of which his son and heir reaped the benefit. When he died he was in his seventy-seventh year, "having held the Great Seal," Lord Campbell remarks with curious inaccuracy of language, "for a longer period than any of his predecessors or successors." As a man, and in relation to the age in which he lived, his character stands high. He was kind to the poet Spenser; Ben Jonson, Daniels, and Sir John Davies united to praise him with evident sincerity, and Bacon's letter to him with *The Advancement of Learning* could not have been addressed to an ordinary man. One of the now most generally interesting facts in his biography, though to his contemporaries it may have seemed the merest nothing, is that on the occasion of Queen Elizabeth's state visit to his seat of Harefield, near Uxbridge, *Othello* was played for the first time before the Queen, by Burbidge's company, and with Shakespere himself probably present to superintend the performance. In the list of presents which poured in upon the Lord Keeper at the time of these festivities, it is curious to note the item of "a buck," sent by Sir Thomas Lucy, the son of him who, according to tradition, prosecuted Shakespere for deer stealing.

The great estates in the purchase of which Lord Chancellor Egerton had invested most of his wealth, with those bequeathed to him by Richard Brereton, descended to his only surviving son by his first wife, the daughter of a Flintshire squire. He had been married thrice: his second wife was a Surrey lady; his third, the most illustrious of them all, and who survived him, was the widow of Ferdinando, fifth Earl of Derby, and the daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorp, of the family from which, not to speak of more recent notabilities, sprang the great Duke of Marlborough. John, the second Viscount Brackley, quickly received a fulfilment of the promise which had been made to his father, and in the year of the latter's death he was created Earl of Bridgewater. Father and son had married mother and daughter: the Earl of Bridgewater's wife was the Lady Frances Stanley, daughter of Lord Chancellor Egerton's third wife, the Countess Dowager of Derby, as already mentioned. Thus it happened that after the Chancellor's death there was a very special intimacy between his widow and the family of the Earl of Bridgewater; she was not only his step-mother, but the mother of his wife, and the grandmother of his children. The Chancellor's widow resided on his other estate of Harefield, where Queen Elizabeth had paid him a visit, and *Othello* had been performed. The favourite seat of the Earl of Bridgewater, who had rather a numerous family, was Ashbridge, in Hertfordshire, some sixteen miles from Harefield; so that there was a certain contiguity as well as consanguinity to link the two families together. Hence, partly, it befel that the name of Egerton came to be connected with that of Milton, as it had been with those of Spenser, Bacon, Ben Jonson, and Shakespere; and be it noted that the Countess Dowager of Derby was a cousin of the author of the *Faery Queen*, that the two had met at Althorp when both were young, that her he had celebrated as Amaryllis, and had dedicated to her *The Tears of the Muses*. A still greater honour was to be conferred on her. Two of her young granddaughters at Ashbridge, the Ladies Alice and Mary Egerton, had for their music-master a distinguished composer of the time, Mr. Henry Lawes, the friend, too, of a certain Mr. John Milton, who, on leaving Cambridge University, went, in 1632, to live in his father's country-house at pleasant Horton, in Bucks, ten miles from Harefield, where, among the first-fruits of his then young and all but unknown muse, were two little pieces called *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*.

That Milton had a personal acquaintance with any of his great neighbours at Harefield or at Ashbridge is possible, but has not been proved. The Countess Dowager of Derby he must have known by repute, and honoured as the Amaryllis of Spenser, even more than as the venerable widow of Lord Chancellor Egerton. Let us suppose, moreover, that the aged lady had talked one day to her grandchildren of Queen Elizabeth's visit to Harefield, and of the masque which on that occasion was undoubtedly among the entertainments presented to her Majesty. Let us suppose that the young people, thus stimulated, coaxed grandmamma into allowing them to give her a little family masque at Harefield, and thus mildly recall the glories of the former pageant. In that case, whom would they first consult but their accomplished and distinguished music-master, Mr. Henry Lawes, who was well known to have played a foremost part in getting up and arranging many an entertainment of the same kind? When he had promised his aid, co-operation, and music for the occasion, what more natural than that he should apply for the words of the masque to his young friend Mr. John Milton, at Horton, of whose poetic powers he at least must have known something? Such may have been the origin of Milton's exquisite little *Arcades*, the brief prose preface to which describes it as "part of an entertainment presented to the Dowager Countess of Derby, at Harefield, by some noble persons of her family, who appear on the scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state with this song"—one which sounded sweetly on the ears once saluted by the music of Spencer's pastoral lute. Milton's latest biographer assigns the date of the performance of the *Arcades* to the year 1634. The piece is pervaded by a poetic grace and beauty unequalled in the verse of the time, but was itself soon eclipsed by another and far finer composition written for the Ashbridge family two years later, the noble and lovely *Comus*.

In 1631, the Earl of Bridgewater was appointed Lord President of the Council of Wales, an office of almost vice-regal dignity; but he did not arrive at the seat of his government until late in 1633. In and during 1634, there were frequent festivities in Ludlow Castle, the official residence of the Lord President, and it was resolved that the composer and the poet whose joint handiwork, the *Arcades*, had been so successful, should be invited to produce a masque fit to be represented on a more public stage and before a more numerous company. Lawes and Milton both consented to do their best. There is a tradition that, on their way to Ludlow from Herefordshire, Lord Brackley, Mr. Thos. Egerton, and their sister, the Lady Alice, were benighted in Haywood Forest, and that this little adventure gave Milton a hint for his plot. However that may be, on the Michaelmas night of 1634, the great hall of Ludlow Castle was filled by the nobility and gentry, the aristocracy, local and official, of the region, and never before had they listened to poetic melody like that which then slowly stole upon their ears. "The chief persons who presented were, says the poem itself, "The Lord Brackley, Mr. Thomas Egerton his brother, the Lady Alice Egerton." It was printed three years afterwards, with a well-known dedication to Viscount Brackley, by Lawes, which commemorated the fact that the musician had performed the part of the Attendant Spirit. England received the assurance that a new poet had arisen within her bounds, second to Shakespere alone. To the Egertons we owe not only canals but—*Comus*.

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HOLIDAY NOTES AND RAMBLES.

HINTS FOR TOURISTS.

The following descriptive sketches have appeared in the *Sphinx*:—

No.
34.—Wastdale and Christopher North.
37.—The Ascent of the Glyder (North Wales).
40.—A Walk to Rostherne.
42.—Ambleside and Hartley Coleridge.
43.—To Erin's Isle: by Edwin Waugh.
44.—Disley and Lyme Hall.
45 & 46.—Paris as Seen by a Manchester Man.
48.—Three Days in Wild Wales.
49.—Belfast to Portrush: by Edwin Waugh.
50.—A Walk to Bramhall.
51.—Blackpool in 1869.
52.—The Valleys of the Lune and of North Derbyshire.
53.—Lytham and Southport.
54.—Alton Towers.

CRICKET and ATHLETIC SPORTS IN MANCHESTER.

The following articles and descriptive sketches have appeared in the *Sphinx*:—

No.
34.—Crossing Swords with Her Majesty's Inniskillings.
37.—A Bicycle Race at the Free Trade Hall.
39.—The Cumbrian and Westmorland Wrestlers.
40.—Gymnastics Again: Another Death.
41.—Owens College Athletic Sports.
43.—Lancashire *v.* Surrey, at Old Trafford.
44.—The Bicycle Contests at the Amphitheatre.
46.—An Assault-of-Arms at the Free Trade Hall.
47.—The Match between Lancashire and Sussex.
48.—The Athletic Festival.
49.—Amateur *v.* Professional Cricket.
49.—Athletic Fete at Longsight.
50.—Mode of Awarding Athletic Prizes.
51.—Lancashire Cricketers in the South.
52.—Pedestrianism *v.* Gymnastics.
53.—Lancashire *v.* Warwickshire.
54.—Swimming Races at the Mayfield Bath.
54.—Manchester *v.* Broughton.
55.—Lancashire *v.* Sussex.
56.—The Great Boat Race: Oxford *v.* Harvard.

CHURCHES & PREACHERS IN MANCHESTER.

The following articles have appeared in the *Sphinx*:—

No.
33.—Sunday Evening with the Secularists.
34.—A Morning with the Unitarians.
37.—The Rev. W. A. O'Connor.
38.—Taking Holy Orders under Bishop Lee.
38.—A Children's Chapel (Rusholme Road Independent).
39.—A Morning with the Swedenborgians (Rev. John Hyde).
41.—Whit Sunday at St. Mary's, Hulme (Rev. F. C. Woodhouse.)
41.—The Stowell Memorial Church.
42.—Birch Church (Rev. Canon Anson).
43.—An Evening with the Christian Brethren.
45.—Manchester Cathedral.
45.—Sale Independent Chapel (Rev. Edward Morris).
46.—The German Church, Greenheys.
47.—Ritualism in Manchester (St. John Baptist's, Hulme).
48.—St. Saviour's Church (Rev W. F. Birch).
50.—The Rev. J. Anderson Gardiner (Presbyterian Church).
51.—Church Music in Manchester (Holy Trinity, Hulme, and the Jesuit Church).
52.—A Morning with the Baptists (Rev. H. J. Betts).
53.—The Church of the Ascension (Rev. C. T. Watson).
53.—Northen Churchyard.
54.—The Wesleyan College, Didsbury.
55.—St. Michael's and its Rector (Rev. G. S. Allen).

DIRECTORY.

[In the case of those names which are marked with an asterisk (*) a more detailed advertisement appears in another column.]

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J. W. B. AND A WINTER'S TALE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—Some are born notorious, some achieve notoriety, and some have notoriety thrust upon them. I begin to believe that I belong to the last class. The paragraph headed "J. W. B." in your issue of to-day helps to make me so, though in a rather unenviable manner. Really, Mr. Editor, you should treat your victims a little more mercifully. I think those of your readers who have read the correspondence you refer to will agree with me that your strictures on my letter are rather too severe. The facts are these:—I wrote a letter to the *Guardian* in which I accused the management of the Prince's Theatre of neglecting the most important part of their production, viz. the acting, which I said, and I think justly, would not bear comparison with the scenery and effects. The letter attracted some degree of attention, being referred to with commendation in your own criticism, and replied to at length by Mr. Calvert. Afterwards, by some conversation which I had with him and with a director of the theatre with whom I am acquainted, I became convinced that my accusation was altogether unjust, since the difficulties in the way of procuring a first rate staff of actors are such as could not be removed by an almost unlimited application of money, for in accepting an engagement, an actor has regard not so much to the amount of salary offered him as to the class of characters he is expected to perform. Being convinced, therefore, that Mr. Calvert had, as he says, made the best possible selection, I thought it only fair to make some apology, and this I did in a letter in which, despite your paragraph, I cannot on reperusal discover anything extremely "abject," "pitiable," or "ridiculous."

I have no wish to "achieve notoriety," and do not suppose that the public have taken so much interest in what I have written as to justify so much reference to it, but since you have seen fit to make so severe an attack upon my letter, I trust you will be so good as to insert this justification of it.—I am, yours respectfully,

J. W. B.

Manchester, September 24th, 1869.

THE LADY OF LYONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—Will you permit me to correct a slight error which occurs in the last number of *The Sphinx?* In the sketch entitled "The Haymarket Actors" it is stated that Mr. Howe was the original representative of Gaspar in *The Lady of Lyons*. This character was originally played by Mr. Diddear, Mr. Howe playing Captain Gervois.—Yours obediently,

L. C. GENT.

Old Trafford, September 27th, 1869.

[Our correspondent is possibly correct as to Mr. Diddear. But who or what is Captain Gervois?—ED.]

"Nature has written 'honest man' on his face," said a man to Jerrold, speaking of a person in whom Jerrold's faith was not altogether blind. "Humph!" replied Jerrold, "then the pen must have been a very bad one."

THE CANNIE NORTH.—An Aberdeen commercial traveller called on a tradesman in Inverness. On making his purchase the tradesman requested his shopboy to convey the traveller's luggage to the station. Highlanders are said to have an eye to business in all their transactions, and the shopboy gave proof that he was not behind his countrymen either in shrewdness or sagacity. He inquired, "Is he an Aberdeen or a Glasgow traveller?" His master demanded to know why he asked. The boy's reply was characteristic—"If he is an Aberdeen mon, he'll nae gie but threepence; but gin he be a Glasgow mon, he never offers me less than a shilling."

A LAKE COUNTRY CHURCH.—The church furniture and appliances in some of the churches in the Cumberland Lake district are apparently of a very primitive character. It transpired in Carlisle Consistory Court the other day that in Lorton parish church, in the picturesque vale of Lorton, well known to the tourist, the plate upon which the communion bread was put was a child's halfpenny tin plate; the chalice was a pewter jug only fit for a beerhouse, and might be identified as one of the same kind; and the cup was a child's drinking-cup, and was as thin as an egg-shell, and would contain about a quarter of a pint. The church is now about to be repaired and renovated, and these curious specimens of communion-plate will be replaced by a silver service.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WESLEYANS AND THE LITURGY.—"Another Wesleyan" replies to the letter which appeared on this subject in our columns last week. We regret that we cannot find room for his note. He reiterates his opinion that the Liturgy is an innovation upon Wesleyan Methodist worship, and concludes by asserting that "the use of the Liturgy at Radnor Street Chapel was secured against the unanimous opposition of the Radnor Street party, by the overbearing determination of, I believe, two gentlemen connected with a sister chapel—in fact, positively enforced by them, although they were not intending to worship there; and it is admitted even now, notwithstanding its "success," that were it put to the vote, it would have to be relinquished."

LIBERTY writes:—"The Ormond Street Ragged School teachers, under the guidance of a Mr. Shields, are preparing an Index Expurgatorius. Selections from Shakspere are forbidden to be read or quoted from in the secular week night school belonging to this institution, but the very youngest child in the school is enjoined to read the Bible through, from Genesis to Revelations."

RECEIVED.—Freedom; S. L.; Anti-Humbug (Blackpool); Banquo (next week, if possible, but the letter is of almost unmanageable length).

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., "Main" Printing Offices, 37, Oxford-st, Manchester

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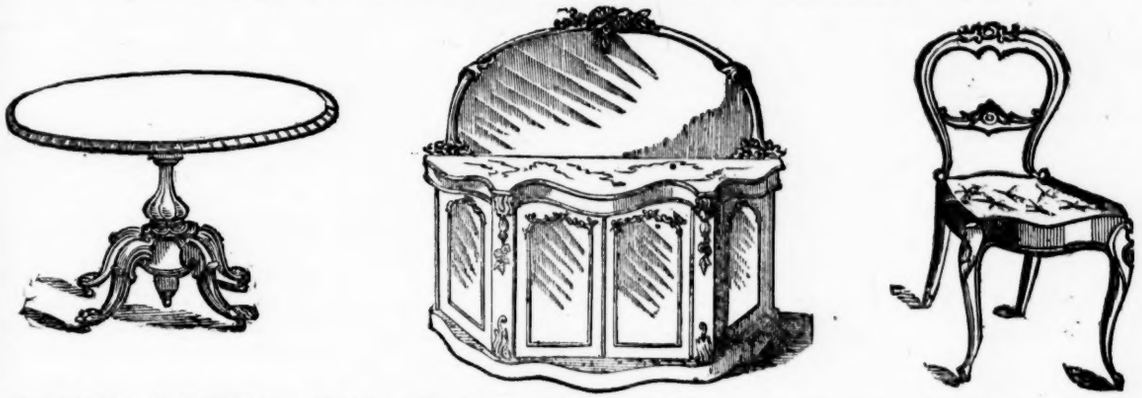

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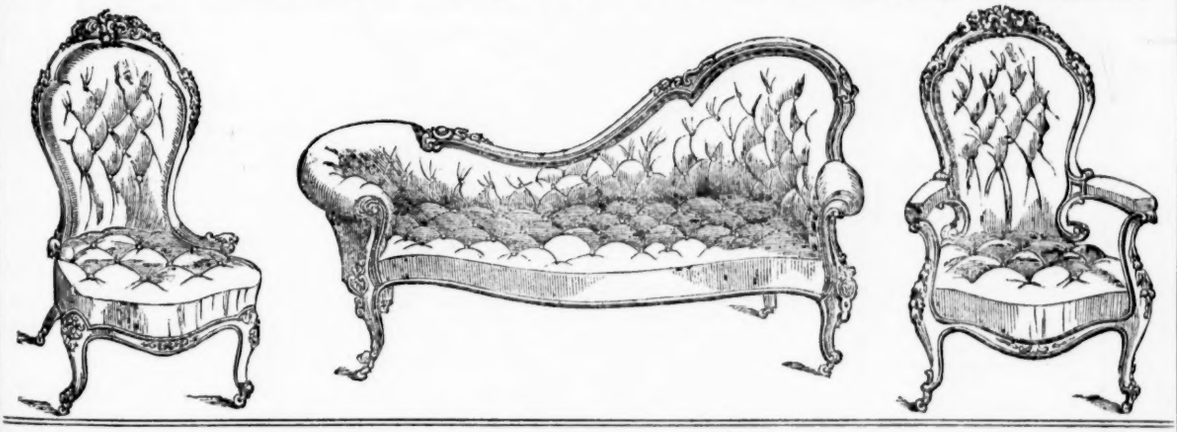

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MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

Will be given for the same benevolent and patriotic objects as the Bazaar.

PROGRAMME.—PART I.

Chorus.....“The Miller”.....Macfarren.
Song—Miss Banks....“Over hill, over dale”....(Midsummer Night's Dream).....T. Cook.
Solo Flute—Mr. Edward de Jong.....Rondo Cappriccio.....De Jong.
Chorus..“Come, Dorothy, come”..Swabian Volkslied.
Cavatina—Miss Arabella Smyth....“Una voce poco fa” (Il Barbiere).....Rossini.
Chorus.....“O, hush thee, my babie”....A. Sullivan.
Solo Piano Forte—Mr. Charles Hallé.....Rondo Capriccio.....Mendelssohn.
Hymn—Miss Banks, and Chorus, with organ accompaniment, by Mr. Henry Stevens..“Hear my Prayer”..Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Chorus “The trees are all budding” Tyrolean Volkslied.
Duet—Miss Banks and Miss A. Smyth.....“I know a maiden.....Balfe.
Solo Flute—Mr. E. De Jong.....Fantasia on airs from “Faust”.....De Jong.
Ballad—Miss A. Smyth..“Only for one”..Randegger.
Solo Piano Forte—Mr. C. Hallé..Grand Polacca in E..Weber.
Song, with Flute obligato accompaniment—Miss Banks and Mr. E. De Jong..“Lo! hear the gentle lark!” (Comedy of Errors).....Bishop.
Chorus.....“Blanche”.....Kücken.
Ballad—Miss Banks..“The faithful echo”....W. Ganz.
Solo Piano Forte—Mr. C. Hallé....“The Harmonious Blacksmith”.....Handel.
Chorus .....“Sir Knight, oh whither away?” (Sintram's song).....Macirone.

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2 OC69

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